



Yolo



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Chapter 1 by Alice Buckingham

Katy is A young girl who many around her do not know . She holds the pills in her hand thinking should I overdose these and end my life , She checks the clock its 7 am she must run to the bus or more trouble . She grabs her textbooks and notes for the morning to middle school . NO one knows she has no parents no one to lean on everyone thinks her life is so peachy , they're wrong . Walking through the walls the only thing she hears is her loud music ignoring the world and everyone around her and shows a smile hiding a frown . The only place to hide is the empty room by the stairs in the school , where she cries because if she cried around her aunt she would abuse her .

Chapter 2 by Rix Quill



The pills in Katy's hand had gone soggy with sweat, or could it have been her tears? She thought, 'I'm not taking them now,' and wiped her sticky white hand with a tissue, dropping it to the floor. 'I haven't lived at all and yet here I am intending to end it all!'

Katy stood on hearing the bell for lessons. Then someone entered the room. Mr Cross, English Department. "This room is booked for drama. What are you doing in here?" he asked Katy.

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Katy looked back at the tissue under the table. "I dropped it sir," she lied.

Teachers have an unnatural ability to know when pupils are lying and Cross was no exception. "Give me the tissue, Miss Winchester."

Katy felt she had no choice but to comply with Cross's request and, as other pupils started to gather in the room, she bit her lip and sweat drops formed on her brow. Katy heard their gossips and felt their piercing stares. Cross said, in a voice that was loud but not shouting, "Can you all sit quietly while Miss Winchester here explains what's in this tissue." He looked at the white substance and then right into Katy's eyes. "Well?"

Chapter 3 by Rix Quill



At that moment the classroom door was flung open by a powerful force. A stranger stood, slightly bent, in the doorway and fixed a stare of daggers at Katy. "There you are. You ungrateful little bitch."

It took the woman three long strides to reach Katy, whose head was pushed half a circle by a slap to her face. "There, you asked for that, bitch."

"Now hold on. There's no need for violence, Mrs . . . ?" said Cross, placing himself between victim and assailant.

"Not Mrs. It's MISS, Miss Higginbottom, her aunt and legal guardian." A few sniggers could be heard from the otherwise quiet crowd that watched, but in fear. For Katy's aunt was a formidable dragon looking for any excuse to clout Katy.

"My apologies, Miss Higginbottom, but Katy arrived this morning with something deeply troubling her. We were just sorting it out when you appeared on the scene. I can see you too have troubles but . . ."

"Our troubles will be sorted out by my own methods, which worked for me as a child in the

orphanage. What exactly was the problem she took to school?" the witch asked.

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"Well you see, Katy here was a bit of a troublemaker. She didn't want to eat her lunch and didn't want the school to contact home in . . . as he placed a hand on Katy's near shoulder, "Now go directly to class, Miss Winchester. You'll be late for registration."

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Holding her red cheek, Kate sped past her aunt saying, "See you tonight, aunty."

And aunty called down the passageway after Katy, "I'll be on the porch as always, waiting."

Chapter 4 by Michael



The rest of the morning was a train wreck for Katy. Between the pain in her cheek and the pain in her mind she had no attention left for Miss Simpson's lesson on the proper formatting of essays.

Katy was mulling over her aunt's threats for the hundredth time when someone new entered the classroom. It was a woman Katy had never seen before. She was sort of pretty with light brown skin and lots of dark hair going every which way. She said something to Miss Simpson and then Miss Simpson called to her.

"Miss Winchester, will you please go with Miss Felicia?"

Katy groaned inwardly and got to her feet. It felt like a mile between her seat and the front of the room where Miss Felicia was waiting, smiling brightly. Katy forced herself forward, breaking down now would only increase the gossip around the school.

Once Katy reached the front of the room, Miss Felicia led the way into the hall. It soon became apparent to Katy that they were headed for the main office.

"Am I in trouble?" Katy asked.

"Well, sort of," Miss Felicia replied. "But not in the way you think. My office is this way."

"I've never seen you around school," said Katy.

"Not many students know I'm here," Miss Felicia said with a big smile. "I'm the school psychologist. Here we are." Miss Felicia opened the door of a small office next to the main office. Inside were a couple yellow armchairs, a potted plant on the windowsill, and a teacher's desk.

And on the desk a crumpled up piece of paper. See more of Story Wars

"Take a seat," Katy said.

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Katy sat down in one of the armchairs. It looked comfortable but Katy sat in the chair like it was going to bite her.

"Mister Cross talked to you, didn't he?"

"Indeed he did. And he gave me these." Miss Felicia motioned to the tissue and the sodden pills inside. "Do you want to kill yourself, Katy?"

"Erm...I don't know."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, I do want to kill myself but I don't. If that makes any sense."

"That does make sense," said Miss Felicia. "How did it get this bad for you?"

"Both my mum and dad are dead. Car wreck. Now I'm living with my aunt and she's...she's..."

"Mister Cross said she hit you."

"Yeah, and it wasn't the first time. Funny thing is getting hit isn't so bad, I suppose. What really hurts is the way she talks to me. She says...she says the most terrible things to me." Katy began to cry. And pretty soon crying turned to sobs. The kind of sobs that make your body hiccup and shake. Miss Felicia handed Katy a big box of tissues.

After the sobbing lessened, Miss Felicia asked: "What stopped you from killing yourself?"

"What do you mean?"

"You had the pills. Why didn't you take them?"

Katy thought about that. "I dunno. I guess, when I thought about killing myself I realized I hadn't really lived yet. I mean, I'm only fourteen. There's still stuff I want to do."

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"So," she said, clicking the pen for emphasis. "What are you going to do with your one life?"

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